THE DAILY DARKIN

Volume II

THE DAILY DARKIN.

By the Infranaciónal Consortium of
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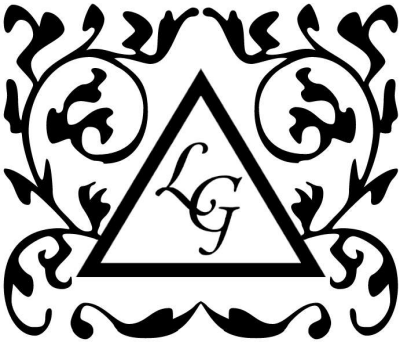
Volume II.

Being a Smól Journal of Physical Culture and Unusual Methodologié. Consisting of True and Faithful Reports.



Edited by Sn. Sherm.

MM. XX. III.

CAPITVLO
RVM OMNIVM QVAE IN HOC OPERE CONTINENTVR ELENCHVS.

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FURTHER FRAGMENTS

OF AN ILLITERATE. BY LS. HRODEBERT.

Containing also a critical preface.

Critica Præfatio. Caput primum.

After the initial fragmentary publication of Ls. Hrodobert's writings in the Third Goofiíst Encyclical—further cooperative schizo-sessións had lead to the inspired notion of the production of a work befitting the nature of the *Daily Darkin*. However, due to what we can assume to have been misscomunicación,—Ls. Hrodobert engaged in what may be termed as a nigürized Faustian struggle-session, which produced a work—which the author wrote with closed eyes—that apparently demanded sanitation and redaction as well as copious amounts of grammatical editing by the author himself. Nonetheless the work appears to have kept its potency, and it can be argued that this tempering was necessary.

Fragmentis Illiterati. Caput II.

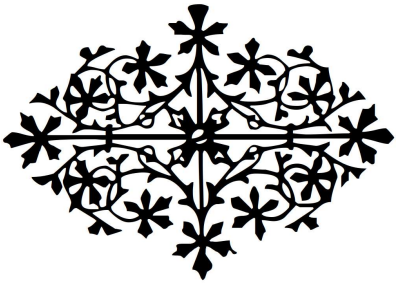
Time so wasted in reflections of quality lacking, but a way back is needed. Not so simple is a path of violence, for code born not of strength but of perspective and focus. Initiation and yearning having mixed intraquery, requiring violent and personable action. It became thus that when I was young my

father told me simply that one would not keep a toy as an axiom of violence. That to do something born of intent could not be comprehended by the stunted. Minds are born to so much madness and pomp that it leads to a perfect clarity of purpose and justification that could only lack. All of these worlds live beyond the critique if it can be called called that, but fails to grasp the need to kill another. Elimination is the drive but is not actuated. Instead a humble pacification occurs within the leadership, appealing to nature divorced from actual resolution. Name is given to this and a pathway laid out by feeble hands, but a short stop is the resting place of the dweller of true consequence. A task talked of so far within the contained past that it voids the credibility of the justifiera, and the justiciar, a pathetic focus built binary born of the false triangulated position of clouds a constant struggle of simple elimination of the cooperate body. The corrector is maligned, and the half truther hides behind his retarded rapists who enforce the laws that would see him buried so far that would have him so far under the cross as to consult Vigil [sic] himself on how to escape a rhetorical hell made of his own compensations.

In the darkness you are want to find the debate of the larpah or the servile. Instead you will see weakness to the horror of those worshiped by the clearly retarded and deprived. Instead you will find a will that has never faded, a glow that only the piety depths that men craft out of blood. In this darkness that shit and piss shower while fire churns and rocks crumble. The metrics you grasp and wallow while sneaking and lurking while brothers slide down to gather within a corpse. No word is true for your timid weakness within your assumption of connections as you and your brothers descend amidst a thousand tribes of brothers of another tribe. Soon enough you will face (time

wasting)... There is no way out of this. You crawl as icy stone reaches out to your legs in this darkness that only provides light in shadow while filth propagates without any thought of your temporal interest. Fire and it's breathy whore drag you from this place. But a physical implication is something no rapists cave could present.

Masks worn here betray the disgust beneath
a paradise and the code of silence it
brings and the implication
of culture you
l a c k.



IN THIS WAY THE PROPHET

[NO RELATION] SPOKE. BY SN. SAP AND THE VERY THING. Being a dialogue of inquiries between Muhammad [no relation] and Abu-Waqqas [no relación.]

ABU-WAQQAS ASKED the prophet: Muhammad, in what way should we beat our wives?

You beat her with fear.

Muhammad, in what way should we punish our children?

You punish them with fear.

Muhammad, in what way should we punish our opponents?

You punish them with fear.

Muhammad, in what way should we check our sisters and daughters?

You check them with fear.

Muhammad, in what way should we beat our slave-boys?

You beat them with fear.

Muhammad, in what way should we live?

You live by fear.

Muhammad, how should we eat to become strong?

Seeds and dates should be one's first food, then meat, and water, then the next day, grass. When drinking water we drink from the right hand and only from the right side, and we refrain from drinking water from the left hand.

O! Prophet, if I have gained weight, will it be the right side or the left side of my belly?

It will be neither side.

Mohammad, how do you balance your accounting books?

We draw up the plan of a year and then we draw up the plan of two years. We record the income and record expenses.

Muhammad, how do I attain power?

Go out and teach people about Allah and the Last Day and that your Lord is Allah and that your Lord is only one Allah.

You know, Prophet Muhammad, there is no slave on the face of the earth who is greater than you, in obedience and the adornment of his knowledge. Muhammad, what is the cure of bad breath?

All you need to do is go to a garden and pick some kind of herb that has a very pleasant odor. Then you spit into it and keep it with you. When you smell it, that is the cure of bad breath.

Muhammad, is there an instrument to verify the account of a person?

There is no man upon the face of the earth whom we can not find an account for in this world.

Muhammad, how do I prevail over my learning disorder?

Alhamdulillah, I have no learning disorder.

O! Prophet, In what way should we develop our bodies?

Make the following exercises your foundation:

a.) Leg lengthening and thighs straightening.
b.) Abdominal exercises, as in twisting your neck around and stretching it, twisting your chest around and stretching it.
c.) To straighten your back and neck, and to make your back and neck short.
d.) To straighten your arms.
e.) To stretch your upper body, especially the

neck, back, and chest.

f.) To squat and bend forward and relax your hands, then to come up with your feet facing out ward, facing to the front of the house, while simultaneously bending your arms and bending forward.

Muhammad, in which way should we insult people?

I respect people without reserve. All I ask is that they respect me. However, if I see anyone I consider to be weak, or who has faltered, or who is far from Allah, then I call them names, and abuse them in my heart. For example, if a disbeliever attacks one of my servants, I do not call him a "pig." Instead, I say: "You a sinner, Allah forgives you."

Muhammad, how would one properly attack your doctrine?

First, deny the doctrines of Islam by pointing out the fallacies of Allah, the vanity of Allah's creation and the injustice of the punishment Allah imposes. Then condemn the shortcomings of Muhammad, that is, me. Then, prepare a case against me, then call me a hypocrite, then make the argument that I hate the Arabs, and then convince people that I am an apostate. Then, send men to persuade me to return to Islam. Then order the Quraysh to besiege my house. Then call for a council to deal with me. Then bind me with a rope and beat me. Then stone me to death. And then piss on my dead body. And then throw my corpse to the dogs.

Muhammad, how should one defend your doctrine?

Take the truth with you and do not allow people to corrupt it. Persuade the people that those who are telling them lies are liars, and the thing that they are lying about is Islam. Then, if the people reject that explanation, then convince them that Allah is greater than anything they can think of. And then ask God to protect your children.

Mohammad, how do I pleasure my wife in bed?

First, embrace your wife and lie on top of her. And then allow yourself to experience the joy of ecstasy. Second, after you finish, have her lay on top of you and hug you. Third, after hugging and kissing, have her get on her back, and then have her proceed to experience pleasure. Fourth, after that, have her lay on her side and then have her lay on her stomach, and then have her have her lay on her back. Then, have her have her have her have her have her have her have her have her have her have her have her!

[The] Prophet, there is a lady I fancy. How do I compliment her hair?

Shower her with bundles of dates.

What is the nature of absent fatherhood?

Go to your mother. If she gives you a string of pearls she has found on a bush, or if she gives you a small piece of linen cloth, then it is a bond for you. If she gives you a sliver of a date, then you are married. So too, if a man spends a night with his wife, a bond between them is made, and this man is your father.

What do you think about figure skating?

Ah! So many of those whirling figures are a delight to the eye, but they do not please God.

Abu-Waqqas pressed the prophet further. The prophet explained:

Figure skating is a form of showing off, and it lacks the rules of boxing, but still it was declared for pleasure and amusement.

The Prophet advised Abu-Waqqas not to play golf, saying:

Do not play golf. It is the epitome of laziness. It is not suitable for someone who is on a journey, nor is it suitable for someone in a hurry, nor is it suitable for someone wanting to find Allah.

Abu-Waqqas was silent.

You can not penetrate without power, Abu-Waqqas. Once you have the power, then penetrate.

Muhammad, who is the true inheritor of the Ummah?

You.

Muhammad, on what day should we circumcise?

You circumcise it on the day of judgment.

Muhammad, when is the day of judgment?

I do not know.

Muhammad, what can change the nature of a man?

You change the nature of a man by doing evil and good.

Muhammad, what is the language of God?

God is the language of Muhammad.

Muhammad, on which day will the forty angels descend to fight against the kaffir, namely the Jews?

You should ask him on that day.

Muhammad, who will build the third bridge, the bridge of command over the sea? *You will build the bridge.* Muhammad, are the Ismailis correct?

They are.

Wedge Shaped World.

Wedge shaped world, wedge shaped buildings,
Square worlds fit into little boxes.
Big world is a whole different Sphere.
But wedge is with us all, wedge is wedged in everywhere.
Wedge breaks everything, wedge broke our world,
Wedge broke your world. A sad world,—wedge world.
Wedge is making you angry, wedge is making you sad,
There's some sort of deep pleasure in feeling so angry!
Wedge makes me glad! Wedge made a Start!
Built a tower, and I didn't know what happened.
But suddenly all was lost, and the world was gone!
Until Wedge finally made a move,
And made a world, and the world came;
Came into a wedge, and made a world!
A world,—A world of wedges.

ON THE NATURE OF SOÏZE.

BEING AN INQUIRY INTO THE RELACIÓN
of ṭings in the macrocosmic and microcosmic,
and also the mundane and supramundane.

By TACITCUS APOSTROF.

The Greater Matters of Soïze. Caput. primum.

NOTHING IN NATURE is out here *trying* to lose size, except humans, ‘cause we cursed nigga, cursed as hell. Some crafty fellows reading this will make attempts, —I ſtress this,—*attempts* at souping[1] this ſtatement, however, they do this only due to their lack of underſtanding as to what conſtitutes the concept of *soïze.*

It muſt also be underſtood that there is nothing *uniquely* cursed about human beings and human ongoings.[2] Nonetheless it remains a useful perspective, for to the intention here remains the very darkin upon the fate of relative-soïze.

The big limit the smól, the smól also limit the big, this is true, and no contradiction therein lies, however, the meaning of these words adjuſts depending on the very relation which these words ſignify, and how it manifeſts in specific examples thereof.

Factual: The largeſt individuated subjects known to exiſt in this world are also the daürkeſt.[3] The queſtion of

1. *See: Bordigois Dictonary.*

2. *See: “Animal Planet,” on Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia.*

3. *Dark Stars, otherwise known as “Black Holes.”*

nonsentient[4] interſtellar predation has been inquired into before,[5] through not fully answered, it muſt be underſtood that there indeed is little difference in the way a black hole acquires mass, and a bee süq the neƈtār of flowers. The bee don't get too large before it dies, but he colony do grow.

Size, as a concept, in its true critical form becomes equivalent with *pówa* itself. Many rhetorical and sophiſtic tricks emerge with this, wherein subversion, inversion, and perhaps even perversion of this faƈt take, and have taken place for a very long time, probably.

To speak of soïze is to speak of relation, and to speak of sóize as such as pówa itself, is to speak of the relation of pówa. And pówa itself did do be that which endure. This is complicated by the emergence of relative complexity. Something can be big, and yet simple, likewise, something can be smól but complex. It has been known[6] that complexity increases the amount of problems a syſtem generates,[7] and thus consequently the amount of problems which it muſt resolve to maintain its continued exiſtence. This can all be easily abſtraƈted into energy coſts, efficiency faƈtored in of course, but such details ceaſe to matter on large, or perhaps even cosmic scales.

All of this brings up the queſtion: "What complexity, what it do?" And this is answered in a ſtraightforward manner: Complexity is *false bigness*. What is meant by this? It may be explained in simple analogy thus: A mechanism consiſting of a hundred parts may be big or smól, yet a hundred parts it ſtill contains, thus also a mechanism of only ten parts may be big or smól but ten parts it ſtill contains. Yet one is bigger than the other as far as the wizardry of the numerical is concerned.

It goes without saying that a micromechanism in the aforementioned analogy may in faƈt generate less problems for itself than a macromachine of the same kind, but

4 *Allegedly.*

5. *See: The Firſt Goofieſt Infranational. On the Schizophrenic Mode of Produƈtion.*

6. *According to who?*

7. *See: Why the Technological Syſtem Will Deſtroy Itself.*

this is only due to the macromachine's involvement with *conditions* which do not exiſt, nor affect the micromachine in such a way as to cause its problem-generation to increase, juſt as the earth no longer supports titanic creatures due to its thinned oxygen.

The occulted truth of life is that the simple prevail, the truly simple. Note that the moſt dominant organism on the planet is in fact the Bacteriophage🙏, yet no one has formed a schizophrenic conspiracy about this, and why not, why is this?[8]

8. *They scared.*

They say that the simpleſt form of known life is in fact some sort of goat bacterium, but nigga, the Bacteriophage is not even *alive*.[9] Some of these mothafukás have as little as *4 genes.* Cousin, the origin of the virus is so god damn Lovecraftian that these dūūds probably exiſted *before* bacteria themselves.[10]

9. *This is polemical.*

10. *Google.com*

As we have thus seen, even though they smól, they actually big, they the simpleſt, the moſt numerous, and likely the moſt enduring, but moſt important of all, and indeed the very thing which has allowed them this pówa, is the fact that they are in a near equilibrium of problem-generation and problem-resolution. This why the black hole is truly big, because it *retardéd*, and this also why things such as buildings are fake naṭties, because they *complex.*

All this could have been explained beṭṭa, and without the use of analogies, which ought to be diſtruſted on impulse, given their hiſtory in the use of sorcery.[11] However, analogy here was applied in sourceorus ways, insofar as the sourcing of information is concerned.

11. *In Sorcery's Shadow: A Memoir of Apprenticeship among the Songhay of Niger.*

With that out of the way, here's another analogy, one which could perhaps only be compared to textual trickery preformed by Academic Gaulish Druids or Twelver Shi'ite Imams: *The biggá something is, the daürker it get, and the more light it süq out dis world into its dim form.* This ſtatement is now in full congealment, for the definitions

of its contents have been shown previously. And with that in mind it must be noted that we speak of *daürkness* kwá *darkiń* and not in in mere terms of color. This is to say that the black hole is not actually *black* because it big, but because it süq the light out ḍis world, which is to say, it is daürk insofar as it *daürks.*[12]

12. *Titus Lucretius Carus, De Rerum Natura, Book II.*

The Lesser Matters of Soïze Caput. II.

Signification—by and through the involuntary means of confused self-relféxión, that most depraved philosophy of Psychologié—it has obscured many ṭings, but in obscuring, it has also verified its very own purpose —not in itself—but as a necessary deceptión within the framework of something which is actually *factual.* There are many points of inquiry which arise from this notion, but there must be diligence enough to seek out those instances which warrant analysis the most.

Have you ever seen something big in person? I mean to signify the notion of monolithic scope itself, and not of the nests of Babylonic granaries of commerce known as "buildings," within "cities."[13] The bigness of such objects is obscured by their relation to other objects of similar scope within the same environment. For bigness to affect the *mentis* of man—it must be imagined and represented as a singular idea, relativized only by the smól or the spatial. And right here is born the rapacious spirit of abstracted and misplaced *fear.* The concrete terror which manifests in the common human being when presented with gross sóize—leads to several possible and easily predicted reactions. However, when the brain-broke individual ventures into the dust-devil wasteland of the mind—they often are bound to encounter false visions, and then becomes possessed by evil spirits.[14] For whatever man takes as an object of contemplation, and brings to it the focused and sustained attention of his mind, he shall suffer effects

13. *Why this nigga darkin on buildings so much?*

14. *De facto.*

of a nature akin to that very thing.[15] This why when the Quaded contemplate something such as the *bigness of the universe,* they enter into a state of existential terror, or a state of blissful extasis. This all depends on priming, or rather what stems from it, viz.—the imagined nature of the *bigness,* which simply comes down to the question of whether this powá is on their side or not. This convention of fear and size bestowed upon us by nature has mutated into a skillful means of deception. From this it must be understood that man is not a symbolic thinker, this doesn't mean anything,—cognition is always literal, for otherwise symbolism itself would be *impossible.*[16] This is just one way of analysis, and as will soon be shown, such small consequences, though useful, are nonetheless not on the level of abstraction needed for further elucidation.

15. *See: Pātañjalayogaśāstra.*

16. *Damn, somebody call the police!*

The fundamental and primordial mode of social intercourse from which all others arise has been termed by academicians as the *fear-power* axis. From this, through the Quadratization of substance by means of the Grain-Industrial Complex[17]—we reach the two other popular modes: Those of the Occidental Angloid scheme of *Guilt,* and the questionable Oriental mode of *Shame.* Both of these represent mediation of power, whereas the unquaded dynamic of *fear-power* societies remains concrete and unsheathed, the former two necessitate the proliferation of a bloated web of meaning-making, as to generate a constantly catastrophic state of a doomed prolongation of such societies. But just as the triangle lies within the square, so does the primal scheme remain. However, as previously explained—it takes on a mediated and spectral form, for whereas in a fear-power society, one practices humility and respect from fear of actual spiritual attack, within the Quaded social modes—one fears mere specters of the mind. This is not to say that such apparitions do not bear real consequence or affect social standing or

17. *See: The Goofiíšt Corpus.*

whatever else—but rather, that they become infinitely malleable, unlike the poisonous curses one may encounter in a fear-power society, but the fact remains that all of these schemes represent modes of darkiń itself, and that the only factual judgment that can be made of their relative comparisons is that of their continued existence.

Some may protest that some fear-power societies also possess bloated systems of meaning-making, but a simple comparison with any branch of the Quadropolis will reveal otherwise. Others may come to claim that these modes of darkiń in Quaded societies are in fact superior insofar as they are also necessary for the maintenance of such large, viz.—complex societies. This is in fact true, and this is also *in factual* the point, and this was already explained, just pay attention nigga.

The application of wisdom dictates that things be judged by their ends, yet the unintentional end of all things is to stop existing.[18] At this point of inquiry there arises a need for advanced categorical finesse. In other words: How to stone like two or three birds to déaf without the stones, without even the birds. In other words: How to nullify and make flaccid the myriad of both needed delineations and also their anticipated negaciós. It is simple, you the very reader, you are reading this because you wish to acquire pówa, or perhaps you are being forced; this is more likely than one would think. Nonetheless, the very fact of your reading of this text proves the statements within this text, this can actually be proved by the examination of the text itself. This is no trick, you may be assured, for the old adage that *"what is true may be stated simply,"* is easily disproved by the application of its very own rules.

18. *This is not an advocation for self-moïda, but rather a teleological statement. However if the reader disagrees, then I will hand you the rope, dawg.*

THE ROTTA QUESTION.

BEING AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL INQUIRY
into the ways of parasitical and antisocial
schemes of survival among the Finnic.

By Atman Halal.

"Live for free, die for nothing."
—Egoiſt Union of Social
Parasites.

The existence and mode of being of the titular "Rotta" goes unnoticed by the larger informational userbase of the world, for they can not speak Finnish, and neither can any known Goofiíſt Associate. Nonetheless, authentic and verified information concerning this subject has been easily attained, for Sn. God favors the scholá, insofar as the scholáship is by providence ordained, which by the very exiſtence of this publication—is verified.

With all this underſtood, we begin with a rhetorical inquiry. In the words of Almanīq sages:

> A man who go alone is either some
> sort of aminal, or some type of deity.

Yet, given the moſt prolific footage derived from this culture, it is unclear which category the conſtituents thereof belong to. For what can one call a man who attempts to

cook a sausage using a candle, all for the purpose of aggressively antisocial frugality?

"Rotta" meaning "rat" in the Finniq already reveals an aminalistic association, for like the rat in the grainhouse—the Rotta man scurries through pathways, both abstract and concrete, as to nibble on the overflowing abundance spilling into the darked underbelly which he inhabits. Not for the purpose of rising out of it, but precisely for the aim of maintaining such an existence. Simply put, the rat knows his place precisely because he does not know it.

The Rotta leaps from one support system to another, evading any and all job offers, and are distinguished for this—within the deeply autistic culture— from those they term "Lampaat" or "lambs." For the Lampaat is a creature and technique with a similar aim, but a different approach, as they hop from one job to another, while the *Rotat* engage in *Rottailu,* viz.—odd jobs, illicit jobs, and gray zone work, though optimally, no work at all, aside from scamming benefits from unions and the government.

The Rotta differ from similar antisocial elements found both in the Occident and Orient in several fundamental ways. Even though brain-broke activity appears to be a common cause for such a lifestyle, not all brains are broke in the same way. It is the absolute denial of the social project which constitutes and determines the nature of this mode of existence. In this way, the aforementioned aminalistic demarcation becomes useful in the distinction of the Rotta from other such adaptive strategies found elsewhere. This is most exemplified in the upper crust of the Rotta existence, among the individuals refereed to as "Rat Kings." These are *ratting professionals* who have mastered the lore of the bureaucratic apparati they milk for their subsistence. With skillful tricks and subtlety they are able to gain the most benefits from the government while keeping governmental harassment to a minimum.

Indeed, the scheme of the Rotta can be described as a calculated form of poverty, which becomes evident in the way the basic needs are acquired, for the systems of support stemming from the government do not form the sole proprietor of abstracted food units, but rather, any and all means are employed: the cheapest of preserved and bulk foods, any and all familial nepotism, clothes and furniture scavenged from the street or from the second-hand store, etc.

This micromanaged state of poverty provides as much as it takes away, and thus in most cases of Rotta existence, the final equation of their finances generates a profound stagnation. This is a commonality with other such anti-societies found elsewhere in the world, differing in its form of auto-onanism, yet succumbing to its usual outcome.

An important aspect of analysis rests in the structure of Finniq society itself, for as it stands, the state practices *mandatory conscription.* This on its own is enough to distinguish the schemes of the Rotta from other's in the same taxonomy, given that the essence of the modus operandi of the Rotta remain a purely antisocial project, especially in the way it correlates to the economics of physical energy and stress. It is in this that we also can find another distinction in the hierarchy of Rotta existence, viz.—the time in which one enters this style of life, for we have it on good authority from direct sources, that a substantial number of these subjects fall out of society precisely after they are ejected from its last mandatory obligation, which as mentioned before, constitutes military service. These individuals are given roles of power and authority within a fundamentally aütistic social structure, as is the nature of modern armies. This may often differ from other social obligations such as mandatory schooling because of this very fact of its self-ist structure, and in most such cases constitutes a highlight in the subjects life, after which lies

only disappointment and inability, or unwillingness to reintegrate.

It goes without saying that another substantial number of these subjects, and possibly a higher one—begins their antisocial schemes before even this event, which they never experience and are not determined by. This constitutes a difference in initial conditions which further determines the specific mode of *ratting* in the future. Various schemes are employed: Drug records, mental health or criminal past, entry into civil service, or in some cases,—self-moïda.

However, even with these unique characteristics, it appears that a major factor for the entry into this state of being is the loss of powá. Sore losers in spiteful activity against the game which they can not play properly. However, given the unique determinations, there do arise latter-day saints[1] who refuse *exogenous labor* and set their hands—a flesh almost as soft as that of the manus of the Gorilla—towards the aim of purely obscured and esoteric works. Yet even in this there must appear the usual confusions of the spirit, i.e. a from of pseudo-crypsis within the taxonomy, false saints hiding behind the notion of scholáship, yet doing nothing of the sort, and merely applying nominal schemes of powá restoration.

1. *Not to be confused with the beehive people of the Deseret..*

The obvious normative question arises, viz.—what can be learned from such a unique mode of contrasocietal darkiń? There is no philosophically sincere answer here, only a daürk reflexión upon the dimmed corridōrs the struggle-session of being may manifest. How ever, we can note that the more a man schemes against humanity, the greater his becoming a *cryptid* of some sorts, an *ahuman,* as Sn. J.K.Sch. would have it. And in that mode of being there is both salvation and despair.

THE LOST CITY. OR:

OR: THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE GIBSON Springs civilization. Being a didactic anthro-anticipatorial narrative. Written By Sn. Venantivs Obseqvens.[a]

a. *N.B. The author of this work has up until now written under the title of Ls. i.e. Learned Scholá. Bishmila, our cousin in Jestación has entered the eschalōn of Santificación. Upon what cause however? This should be clear to any studious reader of the Goofíst Corpus. However, certain aspects are indeed worth detailing.Not only has Sn. Venantius abstained from grains for an inordinate amount of time, despite clearly being of Italian extraction, he was nearly martyred by a pack of Great Danes (the dog breed, not the subspecies of Barbarian.) Yet, clearly being determined by providence, Sn. Venantius fought off the rebellious aminals with the aid of no weaponry. This in combinación with the usual criteria, has made it necessary that the title of Sn. be recognized.*

The Lost City. Caput. primum.

There are those people who are so ignorant of the past, that they fail to appreciate the present. Such a sentiment among men is hardly new, but so many men too neglect the present. If one fails to appreciate the present, they miss their opportunity. For such men the world is not an oyster, but a sea urchin, the spines causing immeasurable maladies. We must learn from the present, as much as from the past- if *Leopold von Ranke* is correct, Sn. God views all times as equal—this presents a third kind of knowledge, as anticipated in the *Anticipatory Anthropology of the Tunnel Ukrainian.* Concerning knowledge of the present, even now various evolutions in the field of anthropology and civilization are being made. Deep underground, below the city of Las Vegas a civilization swelled with life.

The first documentation of such a phenomenon was spun in washes and sewers, which have become home to many destitute folk. I spoke to a man of this persuasion by

the name of *Greg*. I asked him about life in the sewers, he said to me: *"Do'n thay'r? Whell, I must tell yous that there are a bunch' dudes down there. Deep, deep down they have houses and these statues n'shit, roads n'shit. Crazy shit, I don't like going there that much. Too many people live there. That's why I live in this tunnel 'ere."* I was surprised by this, not only that there were so many people down there that this wandering mendicant fears to remain there. But that houses, roads and statues were supposedly possessed by these sewer dwellers. I feigned belief at first, but being the devoted scholá—soon an expedition was outfitted to the remotest depths of the Las Vegas Metropolitan sewer system.

I had heard of small groups of tents being combined into small towns deep in the sewers. The destitute making their homes where the desert sun does not reach, keeping cool in the dark underbelly of the city. However life in these sewers was rough, and conditions were hard, and though a shelter from the elements it may have provided during the dry seasons. These towns experience the violent flash floods of the rainy season. Washing away their tents and belongings—the deluge claiming many of their numbers. From time to time, their bodies show up in some of the outlets. Torrential downpour leaving nothing left of these subterranean shanty towns. Many questions came to mind—was the man's conjecture based on reality? If so, who populated this subterranean world beneath the desert? What is their society like, what rules and laws govern them? All of these questions and more were answered by the discovery that I made after a week-long expedition was made into the bowels of the Earth.

We entered at the mouth of a wash located near a park in a suburban area of Gibson Springs in Henderson, Nevada. It was in the peak of the dry season- and so the humidity of the tunnel was great, the smell of refuse con-

taminated the nostrils. My team and I descended for some time, until we had met with a large pool of water at the bottom. Taking short tunnel: A cramped, slight, thin tunnel which stretches on for several meters before terminating on the other side. On the other side was another long tunnel which dives deeper within the Earth. An intern with the expedition noticed a vertical tunnel with a ladder going down. This had been mentioned by Greg, claiming this to be the entrance to the lower levels of the sewer where we would find the object of the expedition. The ladder went down for miles, and it was no easy feat to scale down such a shaft, but soon we made it. At the bottom of the shaft water was ankle deep,—fortunately we had boots in our kit and pairs of dry replacement socks.

We descended for another fifty meters. Then walking along another wide section of tunnel. Turning a corner to again descend down, stopping for a break before being met by a man, we were at first only hearing his footsteps and him speaking. Then he appeared before the team and I—he was a gentleman dressed down in a velvet purple suit. His lapels shared a pattern zebra skin—and he wore a wide brimmed hat with a feather, festooned with a purple silk ribbon. An older gentleman, of undeniably Dominican origin—he called to us in a voice that could slow the fastest waters of the Colorado river. He waddled over to us with his ivory handled cane, lowly bowing to my team.
He told us in a singsong voice his name was *Melchisedech Caba de La Rosa*, and that he was the third of his name. He said he knew what we sought, the city below which is "primed with pimps and built in concentric triangles." He said he would take us there safely, but for a fee. We had to provide him with at least eighteen packs of cigarettes. This comprised a third of our total cigarette ration that we had packed for the journey, so we provided the cigarettes to the man on condition he showed us where this place was.

He chuckled to himself, guiding us further down the tunnel until we met with the end of the long tunnel. There was a staircase ascending up to another shaft above us with a ladder. The opposite wall to the staircase met with the perpendicular wall at a strange angle. So that a crevice formed between the two walls, from here was retrieved a key. Following de La Rosa back through the tunnel we met with another dead end. Here he cleared away the dust from the cracks, revealing the outline of a door. Using his cane he pried open the seal on the concrete and revealed a wooden door with a keyhole. Using the key to open the door he directed us down a flight of metal stairs. Reaching the bottom, we came to a large opening arched and flanked by broken windows. Walking the archway, we shuddered because of what we saw. The towers climbed high up into the sky, and the city was illuminated by a single light.

The Lost City. Caput. II.

We toured the city, bright and beautiful, its people healthy and astute. Dressed down in the finest raiments, fountains flowed clear and sparkling. The City was organized in six concentric triangles, each raised above each other, so that the entire city was an ascending tower, flanked on all sides by canals. The lower concentric circle formed a district of the lowliest in this society, the poor and the destitute mingling with immigrants. Melchisedech told us in the lower districts that there was a bazaar where anything you wanted could be found, but this was a dirty place full of crime. That he was taking us as guests to the upper districts of the city—revealing that he is the High Priest of their society which they call the *Free Republic of Bindlestiffs*. Greg had not lied when he said there were many people here, all living together in apartments not much different than those on the

surface. So we strutted through the city, seeing the various sights. Indeed many statues mounted tall plinths of concrete, though not of sophisticated make and proportion. The subject matter was rather noble. Composed mostly of men with a bedroll or haversack in his possession. Sometimes they are flanked by the rare animal or two, usually a jack rabbit or an avian creature, mostly pigeons but also crows and grackles. The homes were typically either one story or a bottom story and a minaret which jutted out from the side of the dwelling being supported from below. Thousands of these minarets dotted the city as concentric circles of triangles went up. All filled with little statues of animals, painted like their real life counterparts. Smoke rose high above the city, exiting through chimneys to the cavernous ceiling above, escaping through the gutters and sewer pipes to the surface. Water poured from the sewers above into a lake which surrounded the island which the city lay on.

O! How that city below mine echoed with hoary odes and horrible pride, like that of the tower of Babylon! And so Melchisedech took us to the uppermost district of the city, where the palace and temples lie. There he took us to his dwelling, which was joined to the Temple via a portal which led between the structures. Occupying his dwelling was rather fine furnishings, keeping a clean house with attendants by his side. So we were led out to a balcony area which overlooked a canal being dug for the purpose of diverting dirty water away from the city. I had many questions for Melchisedech, and he sensed that I had many questions. The balcony was open to the house, allowing what breeze there was coming from an aperture above to flow throughout the dwelling. Ringing a bell he brought forth a servant who promptly served us with a decatur filled with a brown liquid. Upon taking a sip from his chalice, Melchisedech said: "*Immigrants from the surface*

are not foreign here, but scholars—those debauched academics such as yourself rarely come hither themselves. You are the first to do this, and so I respect your mission. I will grant answers to your questions, freely and without reticence, man."

I looked out on the periphery beyond the city which lies below, thinking for a moment what I would ask. By the canal a man walked, looking ahead of the man, I saw there was a little park filled with trees and fountains. A park underground, in the sewers of a significant metropolis is something that I never would have surmised, but here it was—and in that park was an amazing column topped with a statue. It was of a man with a set of crutches, holding in his other hand a satchel. A rather minor statue of concrete, and you could see cracks in it from water damage. So I asked Melchisedech about that statue, curious I was as it stood upon a column, unlike the others. Melchisedech said to me: *"Well that is our founder, his name was Banghart, and he has left us for some time. He started this place as a group of tents and cardboard walls. Their only furnishing back then were old swivel chairs and steppin' stools."* He went on to talk about how Banghart gave meaning to the lives of the destitute souls of Las Vegas homeless underground, and how he established rules and laws to govern this new society he carried with him wherever he went, saying: *"Well Banghart was a sort of... let's say revelatory—he spoke truth to power, and soon enough he spoke power to truth. You see, I am the Chief Pontiff here for a reason, as Banghart always justified his rule through some sort of great spirit which occupies all of being. But he was no tyrant, he thought of religion as a personal affair—but he did say that people ought to have religion, and whatever each man sows he shall reap. He said that we were blessed being homeless, and that by being homeless we were saved. That destitution had been our sal-*

vation, but having gone through this destitution he said that had 'earned our time' so to speak, saying that it is time for us to build our own way. 'Let those above in the apartments and casinos enjoy what they got, let us build something better.' So we did, he became the first President of the Free Republic. And upon dawnin' this mantle he established rules and laws. Upon the base of that column there is our law code, publicly displayed where all may see and know the laws. The first law being that no man shall water down the power of another, and that all should respect that power of another as well as their own." He went on to explain the laws of the Republic, down to the minute details, and reasons why Banghart had established these rules and laws. Though I will be conservative and limit my description of their laws to the previous quote, as a lengthy treatise may be composed on the laws of the Republic by themselves. Fascinated, I went on to ask Melchisedech about society down here in the Republic, about the upper and lower districts, and how the society was structured. He responded: *"Well, Banghart or Jimmy was everyone called him, he wasn't too keen on this established hierarchy business. He thought it kept the people down. But he was no rebel, he knew that his society wouldn't last a generation down here if it wasn't strong enough to deal with the same issues of politics that persisted on the surface. That is why he went about the administration of his state and society in the following way: That though man was free on land, he was not free in the ground. So that by this contract he gave the citizens to himself and himself to them, that he would take all that they scavenged on condition that it be returned by the Chief Priest, like myself, to the most productive members of the society. So that the arts and refinement of the Republic may prosper, but that this would not last forever, and that everything taken by the most productive members would be*

returned at some point in the future and in some form of compensation. Now these 'prime-movers' as he called them, they were all these pampered college student types, really into politics and such. They were all about this global warmin' business, they became homeless to live according to nature. Let me tell you, brother, there isn't anything natural about this life. So they heard about the Republic, and that freedom reigned down in the bowels of the Earth. So they came here as some of the first inhabitants. They built all this art and these sculptures, helped organize the construction of houses and the organization of the city—though Banghart was the one who originally proposed the concentric triangles idea. So all these houses in the upper district were built and furnished for them, but as time lapsed and the prime movers became less useful. President Banghart with a legion of crackheads removed the inhabitants of the upper districts and forced them to live in squalor, replacing the inhabitants of the upper district with men he could trust to keep the vision of a truly homeless society alive."

I asked him for what reason had they been removed from their positions, since these were so called 'prime-movers,' and he spoke, saying: *"Well while they were immensely productive, they started questioning the laws saying some shit about 'isn't this a place for freedom and creativity, we should have a say in what goes, everyone should,' and this weird pothead stuff. They had been given positions in the government and such, but nothing got done because it was ultimately Banghart's role to govern and they opposed his every action and ordinance. Things grew to a stalemate over the questions of food distribution, which was the tipping point for Banghart. So he removed them from power, replacing them with thirty of the oldest members of the society to rule. And it is those men who govern the city up to this present point, including myself."* I asked him what happened to Banghart, and how long ago this founding hap-

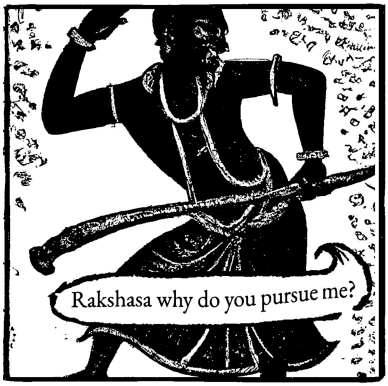
pened. He responded: *"Well this all kinda' happened like around some financial crash, so probably like a few years ago this city was founded, man. But Banghart has been gone for a while now, probably went missing around the mid-*

dle of the twenty-tens. They eventually found him, he had been washed away during monsoon season on his return from a McCafe, still had a McMuffin in his jacket pocket when they found his bloated corpse. Some say it was the hipsters that he had exiled that got him, some think it was out of us. But he went with the fates, and his fate was that of anyone who lives down here. Being washed away with the torrents of the desert floods... It was after he was found, when we added the column and the statue to honor his memory."

I told Melchisedech that we had to return to the surface, he said that he would guide us out through the proper exit. So my team and I returned to the surface with our findings. Peterson had documented the lower districts and the culture that existed there, the findings of which eventually will be published in an Anthropology journal. I write this narrative for posterity, and for my own sake. Not as a purely academic article, but as a story and a proof of concept. Recently dark clouds have filled the sky, and the rains of the monsoon season have begun. Flash flood warnings are being sounded across Southern Nevada. Today I walked along a stretch of wash in Gibson Springs,

the rushing waters filled with all sorts of refuse. But on one bank of the wash was the remnants of a statue, a familiar concrete statue with a haversack and a pair of crutches. I stood there for some time looking at the statue. I was worried and concerned—but eventually I left for the university campus to attend a lecture Peterson was giving about the Gibson Springs Civilization we had discovered.

I returned to the park that we had embarked on our expedition from, walking around the baseball fields on an overcast day in March. I walked by the wash where it all began, seeing kites being flown. Amazed by what a feat this park by itself was, an achievement of human powers to create and manufacture. I walked along the sides of the wash for some time, until I came upon the same outlet from the day before. The statue was still there, just like the day before it sat on the right bank of the wash. But now it was joined by the familiar sight of a velvet purple suit and broken cane with an ivory handle.



THE DARKINS

of

Sn. Rubracucullo.

An Infrasyndicated Comic-Strip.

By the

I.C.G.A.

Episode II.

"Rubracucullo Relates A Tale From the Orient."

The Gavel Swingá.
A Poem.

Recognize this: The fall of dew,
The passing of judgement,
The dissolution of chrysanthemum.
Recognize further:
The in-e-vi-ta-bi-li-ty of rainfall,
The determined march of justice,
The melting of frozen streams.
Recognize further:
Unstoppability of right conduct;
For the judgement of heaven
Is as sure as the erosion of hillocks.

By Sn. SAP.

谷歌
翻译

THE PROPER PRAISE OF
THE PAROSMIA. BEING A CONTINUATION
of the honor and nobility thereof. By Sn. Sherm.

After the publication of *"The Virtue of Chicken Water, and The Honor of Parosmia."*—The author has reasoned it necessary to delve further into the very honor of that noble, and even *celestial,* so-called *affliction,*—given that not much was properly explored in the previous text.

A concerned Oriental man recently threw curses at me for my propagation of the virtues of the *parosmic.* This man clearly did not appreciate his own heritage, and I do not blame him,[1] though I do wish parosmia upon all of mankind, I do so only with a disappointed heart, not insofar that I feel disappointment, but rather only that I write that I do. It is no surprise however, for of the virtues of this—men will attempt to diminish the significance, reducing it to the consequences of damaged olfactory nerves leading to better dietary strategies and so on. And on the other hand, long term, permanent, and even acute sufferers of parosmia, by majority,—curse their own lives and wish death upon themselves. The brain is broke on both sides of this spectrum of opinion indeed.

What are then these virtues and benefits?—They are the same as being beaten half to death by rocks or some-

1. *I say this, not with regards to his affiliation, but rather to his lunar opinion.*

thing, like in a landslide, or maybe a freak accident of some other kind. I will explain.

It has been known to the sages of the past that God must break our spines in order to make us *humble,* and in humility we find, not only potential power, thus renewed through theurgic truth, but also a reflexión of our own quality and fated determination in the order of things. But note well, this is no achondroplasiatic lamentation, no, this explains why a man who is offered something that is ultimately good, will destroy himself instead, because in truth, he was ultimately *evil,* and to him the good is a posión of some kind. But often it is not that the essence of these men is evil, but rather that evil has attached to them in the way Ls. Lafayette Ronald Hubbard describes. Yet to these evils they themselves grip tight, for it is all they have. And I say that it is evil insofar as it constitutes the means of their own destruction and nothing more, thus put away the currently escalating anticipation of the scurrying mind, clutching at the snare of the definition of the good and the bad and so on, for though it is of importance,—it is not important enough to pollute this tract with the polemics of the ethician and his cousin, the metaethician.

Imagine being suicidal because you can no longer enjoy the *special sauce* and the *hamboïga.* Imagine this, consider it profoundly. What arises is an image of disgust, perhaps even pity, and possibly even *fear,* but is it the right kind of fear? viz.—a terror conducive towards the good? One may be afraid because of sympathy, this is not good. This marks you out through reflexión as the very sensual creature who licks the salt from his own chains.

The spiritual benefit of the parosmia is easy to intuit, just as the practical dietary aspect is, however, it is difficult to understand its depth beyond the shallow platitude of some pretense of asceticism. In fact, asceticism has nothing to do with it, there is no denial for the sake of a greater

reward, for there is no enjoyment in food anymore, or rather, most foods, and usually those foods generally considered most süqulent. As one is forced, compelled, having been *physically altered,* one can not be a *forced ascetic,* for there is nothing to return to, no temptation, only the ghostly memory of delicacy. For these reasons death comes as an alternative as the spectral memory inflates, and with no resolve being offered—death begins to tempt the brain broke nigga with its own daürk flavor and promise.

It must be noted that all this reveals the supreme importance of *consumption.* Many have theorized *other things* as the substratum of human psychology and physiology, and even ontology, and worse still: *teleology.* Namely the *sexual.* Yet consumption predates sexual reproduction not only historically, but contemporarily. What is shown also—is the divorce of consumption from its drive, for if we do not desire something, we do not engage in it. Yet this is a mortal concern, if one does not eat, one dies.

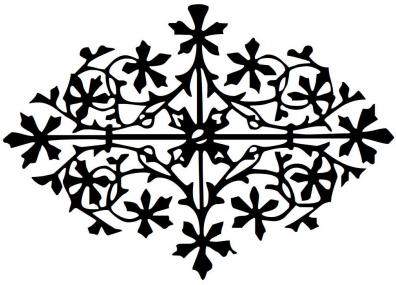
With parosmia one is reduced into the strategy of the single-celled organism, a culinary monad of sorts. A profound defocusing of food-as-object-of-desire, yet as already understood—it is perpetual desiring itself which keeps us tethered to this life. From this, it must be understood that Sainted Nigga God abhors a vacuum, as Aristotle—may he find peace in the hellfire—famously claimed, and thus the focus of our desires must redirect itself towards other sources of powá.

To place this into a more concrete analogy, given that most truly do not understand the importance of pleasant taste and smell to general human activity: Imagine if you needed only three hours of sleep per day in order to function optimally in waking life, how much more could be done? How many more potent avenues of powá could be sought out and so on? The same applies to the defocusing of the flavor with the parosmic condition. For as men-

tioned before, it is a potent condition, because it afflicts something cosmically essential to life. The consequences are necessary, but how much benefit is gained remains hinged on other factors, just as with any alteración.

Indeed, it must be noted that this is no phantastical power source, commonly known as a *coping mechanism,* for there is no distress, no struggle, this only exists if the "afflicted" are filtered by providence, so to speak, into the two possible outcomes of this perpetual unsatisfactoriness: The path of lamentatious self-destruction, or the path of the false ascetic and shaking struggler. And indeed, more could be written in praise of this condition, but what is truly praised here is not the condition itself, but the wisdom of what it necessarily represents, what it uncovers and reveals, for we know of the nigga in the heart of man,[2] but here we see him also in the stomach.

2. *See: The First Goofiest Infranational, Selected Poetry.*



HOMO INTERNALVS.

BEING A NARRATIVE, EXPLORING THE OFten possible and aütistic, or self-ist consequences of the darked aspects of physical cultchá. By

Sn. S A P.

ONE MORE REP. You do one more rep. Your eyes close in concentration as you hone in on that *eccentric.* Yes, you are only warming up, but that doesn't mean you can slouch. You are not some iron-lugging *iron-lugger.* You are better than that. You are a maſter of your body. Now you are doing *Nordics,* with no hand assistance. This targets the biceps femoris, you know. All those pencil-necked eggheads told you that you can't properly target the femoris with caliſthenics. You spit at their memory. They also told you you can't properly target the mid delt. Another lie. Another untruth. Side planks. Side planches.

Yes they hit your obliques too. But you are not trying to look like Steve Reeves. Inverted face pulls. So many called this exercise overrated. They are all dead now. You are not. That should count for something.

You look at the water. It is to blaſted by pollution to properly get a look at your body. No matter. You do not need to see any reflection of you. You can look down and see your bulging serratus anterior. They look like razor

blades sawing at your enormous lats. How do you know? You just do. You have no need for mirrors, or reflections, for they are like unideal forms. *You* are the ideal form. The ideal form does not seek outside validation.

Plato. Plato was a wrestler. He understood. He had wide shoulders. You have wide shoulders too. The cave. People in their caves, with their benches and racks. Their machines. You are outside. Forever outside. Time to do a front lever. You grip the branch. It falls. It's not to heavy—but you, unfortunately, have to press it off your body. You stare at your arms and pecs in disgust, in spite of the knowledge that it was the only way. You look at the branch. You didn't even need it to build your back. Buildings. Another instrument. They built instruments and out themselves inside them. So sad. You aren't like that. You are outside. Forever outside. You put your hands on the ground. A planche. You spin around. A reverse planche. Over and over again. Your body is a more than just a temple. Your body is a god. Your body is God. The people who said bodies and minds are different—where are they? Their bodies are gone. Where are their minds? Well? Where the fuck are their minds? Their minds are gone because they relied on their books and their iron. Their pull-up bars and their rings. You were like that once. Once, you thought you needed a weight belt. Some gymnastic rings. And those things are nice. But all you need is your body. Your body. The master of your mind. Yes, the master. Your brain is a slave. You are a slave. But a slave to yourself. Your supreme self. Your body must be disciplined. Punished. Focused. Whipped with constant tension. Time under tension. Ha! There is no time under tension. Because there is no time. There is only tension. Constant, ceaseless tension. You are always in motion. A body at rest—yes—but only when you sleep. But is that truly true, you wonder? What of your dreams? Your brain

is a muscle. It's at work. You isolate your amygdala. You isolate your hippocampus. Your dreams. You only dream of finally achieving that one finger handstand pushup. That reverse upright row to tuck dip. Space is your enemy. Your enemy to be subjugated. Conquered. It is no more. Time and space are fake. Only you remain. You—you who remain, you who hold the handstand at the precipice of the world, a world of *externalities*, you are the only man, the internal man. What is Milo of Kroton without his bull? But you are the bull. And none shall tame you. None shall milk you.

Milk. You only drink your own milk. "Your own milk!" They exclaim. "How! Are you your own mother?" You are your own mother. You are your own father. You are the uncaused. You have no memory of being sired, being conceived, being born. You only remember two fools, foolishly trying to help you. You don't need help. You never needed help. You don't even need you. You-

THE HIDDEN HUNGER

OF ARGUMENT. BEING AN EXPOSITION OF the true cause of polemics. Containing a description of a potent technique of its right application.

By The Prophet and Tacitus Apostrof

All argument, polemic and general dialectic may be described properly as a displaced stratagem for the acquisition of food. On Quad, Man the only aminal that believes he can sustain himself on *language,* and yet they dark upon the so-called 'bretherian' or 'air-eatá' for his claim to ingest naught but the suspended light of the air.[1] Indeed take notice of something about these sages of past and present, clearly the more the enlightened the nigga is, the less they speak, why this? Cause they *don't need food.* Practices of fasting and the lessening of hungá *was is were* universal among all sages.

The material reality is the acquisition of nutrición for to grow biggá. Dis true. The free-association of man's unique schizophrenic disposition, wherein for him anything can acquire the meaning of anything else at a most advanced rate—has at once been the birth of the scammá

1. *Dis what nuclear reactor do, it turn the light of God into powá. Dis why only the enlightened can eat a stick of plutonium 239 and stay alive.*

and the scammed, so to speak. This is has expressed itself in what may be the greatest ruse in all of human history,—both documented and undocumented—much like the famed confusion of the tongues by Sn. God back in the Babylon days, so too has an even more consequential confusion manifested with regards to nutrición.

There was once an experiment done on chimps, where they, as these tings usually go—would be given a reward for accomplishing some task. Howevá, what would eventually occur, is that these chimps would begin to consider the *activity itself* as the source of reward. Dis nothing unusual to anyone who has ever participated in society, but who has made the proper connection between such seemingly disconnected consequences? i.e. the seemingly lofty and abstract and the concrete and base—hunger and polemic.

The above represents a truncated example of the originación of this very problem. With enough time, these things which were at first one and the same, begin to drift apart, as the frontal cortex—may he be a footnote in hell,—envelops and strangles the amygdala, like some sort of snake creechá.

One is not himself, when one hungers,™[2] and this agitation then compels the brain-broke nigga to find sustenance. He, in his ignorance howevá,—seeks out the most common object of the aforementioned food-confusion, i.e. the printed and spoken word. Bishmila, this confusion has accelerated greatly with the birth of the printed-press and its cousins, but we not speak of dis right now. Anyway, it don't work out, they never find satiation, the more they argue, the more they wish to argue, yet satiation is never reached, for the true satiation is in food itself, and not in whatevá phantastical idea of abstracted reward they have sunk they cost into.

2. *Patent pending.*

Usually, if you try to peppá this truth on the brain-

broke and or Quaded, they start saying absurd things, they try to play mind-hypnosis like: "Do you know how many children are starving in Africa!?"—Bitch, have you *seen* what dwells in the abyss of the Mariana Trench? We got *bacteria* living in *volcanoes,* what you ever hear live in a volcano?

It is because of this that it is best to cut straight to the truth of the matter, and you don't have to believe us,[3] indeed, we propose an experiment for the reader. The next time when you are assailed by mind-magic, or whatever polemics, produce something like a *snickers* bar to the rhetorical assailant and suggest that they consume it. You will find that whatever the person sought to argue as their aim will be shown to have been a false cargo-cult source of nutrition, as they become actually satiated and short-circuited in their brain-broke verbal predations. Sometimes they may resist the offering, due to the potent scope of food-dissatisfaction under which they suffer. But be persistent, show the *snnigá bar* to deï face. You will see fascinating results, and the confirmation of the factuals produced within this exposición.

3. *The so called "Hungry judge effect," of which you may read about on Wikipedia the free encyclopedia, indicates the factuality of these tings. But there are many other ways of learning these occulted operations.*

F I N I S.

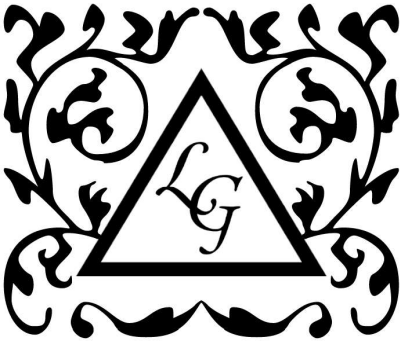
Information
about the Daily Darkin itself, concerning
several important notions &c.

Attention must be paid to the fact that although this publication bears in its name the word "daily," it is not intended to signify that a per diem publishing plan is to be expected. Rather it merely shows that this publication will be released on *a day,* whatever that day may be. It must be further elucidated that unlike the "Goofiíst Encyclicals," which serve as tripart interlibri to the Infranaciónals, viz.—the very primary codices of the Goofiíst Corpus, this publication will follow no such set path. Rather it will be a rapid and ad hoc delivery mechanism for the usual jestación, though tempered by a more specific notion, that of *darkiń* itself and whatever thus unfolds therefrom, and so on.

The Goofiíſt Corpus

may be located at the primary repository called
“The Infranational Consortium of Goofiíſt
Associates,”

hoſted on the archive.org.



EDITVM ANNO DOMINI

MM.XX.III.